

JACOBY & SHUMAN, Publishers.

DR. MARSHALL'S CATARRH SNUFF.

This Snuff has thoroughly proved itself to be the best article known for curing the CATARRH, COLD IN THE HEAD and BRONCHITIS. It has been found an excellent remedy in many cases of Sore Eyes, Discharge from the Nose, and other ailments.

More than Thirty Years' Experience. Of late years, the use of Dr. Marshall's Catarrh and Headache Snuff, has proved its great value for all the common diseases of the head and at this moment stands higher than any other remedy.

Read the Certificates of Wholesale Druggists in 1854.

The undersigned, having for many years been acquainted with Dr. Marshall's Catarrh and Headache Snuff, and sold it as our wholesale trade, cheerfully state that we believe it to be equal in every respect to the remedies of any other name.

Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers.

The original Medicine established in 1827, and the article of the most interest under the name of "Pulmonic Wafers" in this or any other country; all other Pulmonic Wafers are counterfeit.

These Wafers have been the public for nearly thirty years, and the immense sale also, and not only in America but in foreign countries, fully attest their intrinsic value.

RELIEF IN TEN MINUTES.

For Croup, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Spasmodic Cough, Spitting of Blood, Pain in the Chest, Inflammation of the Lungs, and all diseases of the Throat.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

PROTECTED BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT. SIR JAMES CLARKE'S Celebrated Female Pills.

Prepared from a prescription of Sir J. Clarke, M.D. Physician Extraordinary to the Queen.

TO MARRIED LADIES.

It is particularly suited. It will, in a short time, bring on the monthly period with regularity.

CELEBRATED SPECIFIC PILLS.

Prepared by GALEAZZINI & DEPOY, No. 214 Rue Lombard, Paris, from the prescription of Dr. Jean Itard.

LIFE—HEALTH—STRENGTH.

Hundreds and thousands annually die prematurely when, if they would give the Great French Remedy, they would live.

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THE DEMOCRAT AND STAR, PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, IN BLOOMSBURG, PA., BY JACOBY & SHUMAN.

TERMS.—\$2 00 in advance. If not paid within SIX MONTHS, 50 cents additional will be charged. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid except at the option of the editors.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. ONE LINE CONSTITUTE A SQUARE. One square one or three insertions, \$1 50. One square subsequent insertions less than 10, 50 cts. per line.

Business notices, without advertisement, twenty cents per line. Transient advertisements payable in advance, all others due after the first insertion.

OLD MUSIC. Back from the misty realms of time, Back from the misty realms of time, Faintly we catch the singing rhyme, And hear the melody and chime.

And ever we hear them, soft and low, Hissing their wings in the long ago, Rippling their liquid ebb and flow, Drifting their cadence to and fro.

Some faces our hearts will ever hold, Some smiles we remember yet; There scarce a flower looks like the sunset's, Faintly we catch the singing rhyme, And hear the melody and chime.

Of olden songs and strains sublime, Like carols of birds at dawn. And ever we hear them, soft and low, Hissing their wings in the long ago, Rippling their liquid ebb and flow, Drifting their cadence to and fro.

Like the fall of fairy feet. Some faces our hearts will ever hold, Some smiles we remember yet; There scarce a flower looks like the sunset's, Faintly we catch the singing rhyme, And hear the melody and chime.

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Fickleness and Fashion.

It is a matter of amusement, to a uninterested spectator like myself, to observe the influence fashion has on the dress and deportment of its votaries, and how very quick they fly from one extreme to the other.

A few years since the rage was very high for narrow hats, with very narrow brims, tight neckcloths, tight coats, tight jackets, tight small clothes, and shoes loaded with enormous silver buckles; the hair craped, plaited, and powdered—in short, an air of the greatest spruceness and tightness diffused over the whole person.

The ladies, with their tresses neatly turned up over an immense cushion; and a yard long, braced up with stays into the smallest compass, and encircled by an enormous hoop; so the fashionable belle resembled a walking ball.

Thus dressed, was seen, with the most bewitching languor, reclining on the arm of an extremely attentive beau, who, with a long cane decorated with an enormous tassel, was carefully employed in removing every stone, stick, or straw that might impede the progress of his tottering companion, whose high-heeled shoes just brought the points of her toes to the ground.

What an alteration has a few years produced! We now behold our gentlemen, with the most studious carelessness and almost slovenliness of dress; large late, large coat, large neckcloth; large pantaloons, large boots, and hair scratched into every careless direction, lounging along the streets in the most apparent listlessness and vacuity of thought; staid, with an unmeaning countenance, at every passenger, or leaning upon the arm of some kind fair one for support, with the other hand crammed into his breeches' pocket. Such is the picture of a modern beau—in his dress stuffing himself up to the dimensions of a Hercules; in his manners affecting the helplessness of an invalid.

The belle who has to undergo the fatigue of dragging along this sluggish animal has chosen a character the very reverse—emulating in her dress and actions all the airy lightness of a sylph, she trips along with the greatest vivacity. Her laughing eye, her countenance enlivened with affability and good humor inspire with kindred animation every beholder, except the torpid being by her side, who is either affecting the fashionable sang froid, or is wrapt up in profound contemplation of himself.

HOW THE OLD STYLES GOT MARRIED. There is nothing that seems more strange and preposterous to me than the manner in which modern marriages are conducted. The parties keep the matter as secret as if there was something disgraceful in the connection. The lady positively decries that anything of the kind is to happen; will laugh at her intended husband, and even lay bets against the event, the very day before it is to take place. They sneak into matrimony as quietly as possible, and seem to pride themselves on the cunning and ingenuity they have displayed in their manoeuvres.

How different is this from the manners of former times! I recollect when my aunt Barbara was addressed by Squire Stylish; nothing was heard of during the whole courtship but consultations and negotiations between her friends and relatives; the matter was considered and reconsidered, and at length, the time set for a final answer.—Never shall I forget the awful solemnity of the scene. The whole family of the old styles assembled in solemn conclave; my aunt Barbara dressed out as fine as hands could make her—high cushion enormous cap, long waist, prodigious hoop, ruffles that reached to the ends of her fingers, and a gown of flame colored brocade, figured with poppies, roses and sunflowers. Never did she look so sublimely handsome. The squire entered the room with a countenance suited to the solemnity of the occasion. He was arrayed in a full suit of scarlet velvet, his coat decorated with a profusion of large silk buttons, and the skirts stiffened with a yard or two of buckram; a long, pig-tailed wig, well powdered, adorned his head; and stockings of deep blue silk, rolled over the knees, graced his extremities; the flaps of his vest reached to his knee buckles, and the ends of his cravat, tied with the most precise neatness, twisted through every button hole.

Thus accoutred, he gravely walked into the room, with his ivory-headed cane in one hand, and gently shaying his three-cornered beaver with the other. The gallant and fashionable appearance of the squire, the gracefulness and dignity of his deportment, occasioned a general smile of complacency through the room; my aunt Barbara modestly veiled her countenance with her fan, but I observed her contemplating her admirer with great satisfaction through the sticks.

The business was opened with the most formal solemnity, but was not long in agitation. The old styles were moderate; their articles of capitulation few; the squire was gallant, and acceded to them all. In short, the blushing Barbara was delivered up to his embraces with due ceremony.

Then were the happy times. Such oceans arrack—such mountains of plum cake—such feasting and congratulating; such drinking and dancing—ah me! who can think of those days and not sigh when he sees the degeneracy of the present; no eating of cake nor throwing of stockings—not a skin filled with wine on the joyful occasion—not a single pocket edited by it but the parson's.

It is with the greatest pain I saw those customs dying away, which served to awaken the hospitality of my ancient comrades—that strewed with flowers the path to the altar, and shed a ray of sunshine on the commencement of the matrimonial union.

CURIOUS RELATIONSHIP.—A European friend of mine related the following story: I married a widow who had a grown up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in love with my step daughter and married her. So my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Sometime after my wife had a son—he was my father's brother-in-law, and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother.

My father's wife, that is, my step-daughter, had also a son, he was of course my brother, and in the meantime my grandchild, for he was the son of my father and my step-daughter.

My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grand-child at the same time. And as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather.

A boy whose honesty is to be more commended than his ingenuity, once carried some butter to a merchant in exchange for goods. The butter having a beautiful appearance and the merchant desirous of procuring such for his own use invited the boy to bring him all the butter his mother could spare. I don't think she can spare any more," said the boy, "for she said she would not have spared this, only a rat fell into the cream and she did not like to use it herself."

OUR FORTUNE TELLER. As a great many well-meaning but over curious young people, unwilling to await the unrolling of fate by the slow but certain hand of time, are throwing away their stamps upon impostors who pretend to be astrologists and readers of the future through the medium of the stars, we have thrown into a condensed form the whole theory of the art of fortune-telling, by the careful study of which any lady or gentleman can become a proficient. Our system is infallible, and as will be perceived, is gotten up after the style of the almanac, and we assure our readers is fully as reliable as that interesting annual.

JANUARY.—The child born in this month will not be ushered into the world in July. He or she will reach man or womanhood, if he or she will, and be of strong frame and robust health, if not weakly and ailing. They will also become wealthy, if they happen to accumulate or inherit fortunes.

How the Romans Cooked Peacock.

The most elegant dish of the Romans was a stuffed peacock. A young peacock is eatable when properly roasted, but an old one is really very poor eating; but the Romans used to prepare them in the following way: They selected those with the most beautiful plumage, and stifled them to death, believing that that mode of killing gave more brilliancy to the plumage. As soon as dead they carefully split the bird open, by an incision all along the back, from the bill to the rump. They then took out all the bones, meat, &c., leaving only the bones of the legs to the first joint, those of the wings to the second joint, and the head whole, except the brain, eyes and tongue. The inside of the skin was now immediately lined with a coating of glue, and filled with bran to keep it in shape. The feathers that were spoiled were varnished, and false but brilliant eyes were placed instead of the natural ones.

When dry, the skin was filled with roasted birds chopped and cooked, and carefully sewed up. The bird was served on a large silver dish made for the purpose. The dish was of an oblong shape, and in the middle soldered to it, was something resembling the trunk of a tree with a kind of limb on which the bird was fastened. It was meant to look just as if it were alive, and resting itself on a perch, with an ear of millet in its bill. It was always served at the beginning of the dinner, and was one of the last dishes eaten. It was always carried on the table, and while the host was serving it, it was etiquette for one of the guests to harangue upon the beauties of the plumage and the excellence of the meat.

The Romans were not deceived about the excellence of peacock's flesh. They knew very well, and so did their authors, that not a particle of the bird's meat had been used. They somehow got into the habit of speaking of the goodness of the meat, and so they kept on doing so.

This is very likely the reason why we read in many books that the species of peacock eaten by the Romans has been lost, and that it was entirely different from that which we now have. Some believe also that the kinds of beaus and of dormouse eaten by them were not the same that exists now. The reason is probably no better.

A Mere Nose of Wax. The Radicals use the poor Southern negro as a mere nose of wax; they declare him fit to exercise the highest prerogative of citizenship, and at the same time favor every scheme which is calculated to keep him under guardianship. He is well qualified to vote, they say, but when it comes to the matter of managing his own little affairs, the Radicals virtually hold that he really does not know that two and two make four, can't count ten on his fingers, and doesn't know which month comes first, July or December; hence the strong support the Radicals give all such contrivances as Freedmen's Bureaus, and all military orders which assume to regulate the wages of labor and the distribution of its earnings wherever negroes are concerned. General Sickles recently made an order respecting the disposal of the Sea Island crop in South Carolina. He ordered that all the cotton there grown on shares shall hereafter be placed in charge of parties selected by him and divided—the planter's share to be given to him, and the negroes' share to be sold by said agent, and the proceeds paid by them to the negroes. Possibly this may be a judicious arrangement though it may be doubted whether the negro will fare better at the hands of a Government agent than if he were left to settle his business with his employer. His employer has an interest in treating him with some honesty, for if he does not, thick as we may assume the negro's skull to be, there may get into it an idea that he has been cheated, which will certainly not quicken him to labor or make him generally more useful as a laborer, but quite the contrary. It is the employer's interest to treat him fairly; but a Government agent has no such interest. He may skin the negro unmercifully, without fear of consequence; of course, all this goes upon the supposition that any regulation is necessary.

BEWARE OF GEARY. When the great General Geary, now Governor elect of Pennsylvania, was on the stump for himself, he was very fond of relating, among his friends at least, the following thrilling narrative—the like of which, is calculated to make one's hair stand on end, is not to be found even in the pages of "The Bold Buccaneer, or the Bloody Black Brig of Bermuda."

"Stonewall Jackson, while lying upon his improvised cot, suffering from wounds of which he was conscious he must soon die, sent for General Longstreet to come to him at once, as he had something to say to him. The General shortly appeared. The dying hero, almost in the agonies of death, raised himself upon his elbow, and with a voice of deathly earnestness thus addressed the South Carolina General: 'General Longstreet, did you observe that tall, imposing form to-day seated on a black horse in the thickest of the fight as we did battle?' Quoth General Longstreet, 'I did, indeed, my dear General.' 'That man so valiant was General Geary!' exclaimed Stonewall. 'Mark me, beware of him! avoid him! beware of his troops! Meet him not when you can shun him, for he is irresistible!' Longstreet arose to depart but as he reached the door Stonewall called to him again, 'Longstreet, beware of Geary!' and fell back upon his couch dead! With this dying injunction to his comrade, the hero of the Shenandoah expired."

Oh, my! EXPLOSIVE DENTISTRY.—An Irishman who was troubled with toothache, determined to have an old dentist extracted; but there being no dentist near, he resolved to do the job himself; whereupon he filled the excavation with powder; but being afraid to touch it off, he put a slow match to it, lighted it, and then ran around the corner to get out of the way.

THAT'S IT.—We once heard of a very rich man who was badly injured by his being run over. "It isn't the accident," said he, "that I mind; that isn't the thing; but the idea of being run over by an old swill cart makes me mad."

A man and a woman have been discovered living in a hut in the woods near Harrisburg, who wear no clothing except a shirt around their loins.

Is the Methodist E. Church a Political Organization.

There has been quite a sensitiveness manifested by the American people, heretofore, at the mere mention of an approximation of Church and State, yet men now begin to look upon the future as surely guaranteeing the fact. To us it has been plain, that for the past five years the larger portion of the clergy of the Methodist E. Church, have endeavored to make the Church a mere political machine, regardless of the teachings of the gospel, still, there were hopes of their returning to the great primary object.

At a camp meeting, last Summer, in Concord, Delaware county, we heard what we thought a very strange discourse from the Rev. Mr. McCollough, of this Borough.—It was delivered on a Sunday afternoon, on the power of the Church. The preacher in illustrating the immense power of the church, declared that during the war, in which he had experience, it was the great talisman, that victory was won by the church, (not christianity)—that the only loyal and brave men who fought were of the church, and that all others were cowards. This was emphasized and repeated, as indicating the great war power of the M. E. Church organization.

On last Sunday, the same gentleman preached a sermon in the M. E. Church, West Chester, on the statistics of the Methodist and other churches, in which he declared that the church (the Methodist) was now a power to the land to be felt, that politicians might say what they pleased, but that they would have to consult the church, not only in making their nominations, but as to the policy to be pursued.

Whether Mr. M. C. speaks for the Methodist denomination, or merely for himself, is not for us to say. It may be that he speaks for both. There can be no doubt, that whenever the Methodist church intimates a readiness to abandon the Christian faith for the political crusade, she will find plenty of reckless and unprincipled demagogues ready to avail themselves of her power; but whether for good to the church or the country, is entirely another question. The history of the past does not furnish very flattering prospects for either in such an event.

There will be less danger to the country, however, in simply selling christianity and the church to the flattering demagogues, than if the church herself enters the arena for temporal power. The worst people under heaven are those who cloak the eleven foot under a righteous garb.—Jeffersonian.

Old Things. Give me old songs, those exquisite bursts of melody which thrilled the lyres of the inspired poets and minstrels of long ago.—Every note has borne on the air a tale of joy and rapture, of sorrow and sadness. They tell of days gone by, and time has given them a voice that speaks to us of those who breathed those melodies; may they be mine to heart life shall end; as "I launch my boat" upon the seas of eternity, may their echoes be wafted on my ear, to cheer me on my passage from earth to fatherland!

Give me the old paths where we have wandered and culled the flowers of friendship in the days of "Auld Lang Syne." Sweeter far the dells whose echoes have answered to our voices, whose throbs is not a stranger to our footsteps, and whose rills have in childhood's days reflected back our forms, and those of our merry playfellows from whom we have parted and meet no more in the old nooks we loved so well. May the old paths be watered with Heaven's own dew, and be green forever in my memory!

Give me the old house upon whose stairs we seem to hear light footsteps, and under whose porch a merry laugh seems to mingle with the winds that whistle through the old elms, beneath whose branches lie the graves of those who once trod the halls and made the chambers ring with glee.

And oh, above all, give me old friends, hearts bound to mine in life's sunny hours, and a link so strong that all the storms of earth might not break it assunder; spirits congenial, whose hearts through life have beat in unison with my own. Oh, when death shall still this heart, I would not ask for aught more sacred to hallow my dust than the tear of an old friend!

A young woman of 18, who presented the most remarkable instance on record of the disease called hydrocephalus, has recently died in New York. Her head was thirty-seven inches in circumference, and twenty-seven over the vertex, from one ear to the other; while her body was little more than a skeleton. Her mother had steadfastly refused the most tempting offers of money. Mr. Barnum offering \$25,000, to have her afflicted child exhibited to the public, and now refuses, on any terms, to have the remains preserved in the interest of science.

A bachelor editor, sensitive as to his rights, objects to taking a wife, through fear that if she should have a baby, his contemporaries, who habitually copy without giving credit, would refuse to give him credit for the baby.

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